

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

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Born For What?

What is the heritage of such as I?
To live to work; to work to live;
And then to die; to die like dogs—
That is the heritage of such as I.
Shut out from nature's bounteous store
By fellowmen, who own the earth
And all therein,
I beg for that, which nature gives from birth
To all brute kind, and am denied.
"We cannot earn enough to mine."
I ask the reason why, and mother sobs;
"We cannot earn enough to buy;
Go ask the miller for a job."
I ask, and asking, I become the slave of them
Who own the tools wherewith I work.
"Work, and we'll give you bread," they say;
And I am willing, for hunger presses,
And the chill cuts deep into the bone.
So fare I forth to mine or mill or factory,
Where whir great wheels from daylight unto
dark.
A child I stand, the dormant intellect,
The brotherhood of man within my soul,
Putting on the shackles at an age
When life should be all play—and all for
bread.
Goodbye to childhood, youth and learning—
To hope, ambition, love—
For these are attributes of freedom.
From morn to night I labor and for pay
Receive a rag, a crust, a place to sleep,
A cog in the whirling wheel,
My masters count the wheel of greater worth
than I.
My happiness, my life, hold they within their
hands
Because, they own my job.
I starve; I pay their price
In ignorance, sweat and heartache.
Work I must, and when my masters say I
shall not work,
I cry aloud and madness come, or perchance
I cast myself uncalled into the open grave.
I fill the halls of charity to overflowing;
I fill the jails for stealing
That which masters stole from me.
I know no home; the love of wife, and child
denied
Or crushed, I live an animal at bay.
Beauty, art and science mock me;
Learning laughs me to scorn.
Poverty, disease and degradation,
Lay their blight upon my soul,
And all the while the masters take their
pound of flesh
And call it profits.

—ELSIE H. LATIMER.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered,
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the wars of the old time have thund-
ered,
And men poured their life-tide in vain:
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength its descending,
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Swing inward, O gates, till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the old;
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands be prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitless story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;

While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in life's battle,
With a sigh for the day they were born,
Must the sea plead in vain that the river
May return to its mother for rest,



Greece has been delivered.

"Nations do not love armed missions."
Maximilien Robespierre

The psychology of revolution: —
Sinn Fein rebellion; revolution in Rus-
sia; widespread strikes in France; wide-
spread disturbances in China; martial law
in Spain to quell nation wide unrest; re-
lease of Sinn Fein prisoners; "England is
near a Government crisis" (N.Y.
"Times").

Strangely significant are these items.

A week or two ago a clerk named De-
laney, the father of 12 children, was
charged before Sydney's ancient Judge
Docker with embezzlement. He earned
the enormous salary of £3/7/6 per week,
on which 14 people existed. This works
out at the princely sum of 4/9 per week
to provide food, clothing, shelter, and
medicine for each of the 14. Tired of
the misery-struggle, the poor devil added
four fictitious names to his employing com-
pany's pay-roll, grabbing thus about £200.
Quoth Docker in sentencing Delaney to
2 years' gaol: "A substantial sentence
must be imposed for the protection of the
community." "The community" for-
sooth! That term in Docker's eyes is
simply the "capitalist class" for obvious-
ly the working class, as a class, is prop-
ertyless. "The community" is thus
without a breadwinner!

The same Judge Docker awarded five
"protected" by leaving 13 of its members
years to Arthur J. Leggo, who stole £14,-
000 from the Bank of N.S.W. for the pur-
pose of making a favorite or two, at the

And the earth beg the rain clouds to give
her
Of dew they have drawn from her breast?
Lo! the answer comes back in a murmur
From domes where the quick lightnings
glow,
And from heights where the mad waters utter
Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,
Who have stolen the jewels from a labor
And builded to mammon a throne;
For the snow-king, asleep by the fountain
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
And descend in his rage from the mountains
Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant be chief in the land—
And the truth and the power united,
Shall rise from the graves of the true,
And the wrongs of the old time be righted
In the might and the light of the new.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
Whose lips never uttered a lie,
And His prophets and poets have read it
In symbols of earth and of sky:
That to him who has revelled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.
Swing inward, O gates of the future.

Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
A giant is waking from slumber
And rendering his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found
him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

—By James G. Clark.

—Ah! the delicate poise of the scales
of justice.

Says the Sydney "Daily Telegraph":—
"New Zealand papers are filled with the
results of the Messines (France) high en-
deavour, spelt in the form of huge cas-
ualty lists."

The glory generally takes a month to
arrive.

The British view of the Germans 40
years ago was slightly different to their
view to-day. During the Franco-British
war of 1870-71, Queen Victoria was on the
throne, and public men and the great
majority of English writers, among whom
were Carlyle, and Professor Freeman sup-
ported "Protestant Germany." When
France had been defeated, Charles King-
sley said:

"Verily God is just. My only fear is
lest the Germans should think of Paris,
which cannot concern them, and turn their
eyes from Elsass, which is their own. . .
I am full of delight and hope for Ger-
many."

What will our public men be saying 40
years on!

"Unquestionably," said N.S.W. Presi-
dent Holman, who is at present having his
leg pulled in London along with the truly
noble Smuts, "Australia was determined
to see the war through, but Australia and
New Zealand must retain their foothold
on the conquered Pacific territory."

This party is prepared to sell its indi-
vidual and collective rights in "our" new
possessions for two bob.

In the pre-war days, when the churches
held days of prayer for rain, it used to be
the fashion for ministers to sling God
stray bits of advice which, in effect, meant
"Send it down steady and soakin'-like."

So in prayers for victory we read
"Archbishop Kelly (Catholic) sounded a
loud note of patriotism and asked all pre-
sent to pray for a glorious victory—not a
crushing victory."

Incidentally, to get what they want,
certain African tribes, shoot arrows at
the moon.

THEY are still wining the war, as the
following four items will show:—

Take the cotton manipulators. Says the
Sydney "Daily Telegraph," June 21:—

"Prices are soaring to almost unprece-
dented heights upon the Liverpool cotton
markets. Cotton at 1/6½ per lb. is now
dearer than wool in England. The Liver-
pool excitement is merely a reflex of the
position in America. The present price
is more than double the average price of
the cotton imported into the United King-
dom at any time during the past 50 years."

The shipping magnates, too, are winn-
ing all along the line. Briefly summaris-
ed, the result of their attacks on the
freight rate from New York to Sydney
has been:—

1st April, 1917:—£3 per ton (heavy
merchandise).

30th April:—£6 per ton (heavy mer-
chandise), and £9 per "measurement" ton
of 400 cubic feet.

On 27th May we read:—"The flat rate
of freight for all classes of cargo for
June is £8/15/ per ton." This was called
"A 'sharp' rise."

The Sydney "Telegraph" gives the
July quotation thus:—"The American
Trading Company states that the rate for
the July steamer has been advanced to 50
dollars (£10/8/4) per ton."

On the April figures there has thus
been the slight rise of 247 per cent. No
doubt we shall hear in the next commu-
nique that these gains have been "consoli-
dated," and that preparations for a new
advance are under way.

Meanwhile the oil kings have been gal-
lantly "doing their bit." Stead's "Re-
view," 9/6/17, is responsible for the fol-
lowing:—

"The Standard Oil Company of Califor-
nia earned during 1916 a net profit of
£17,605,300, as against £9,529,900 in 1915,

and £10,058,300 in 1914. The net profit is
equal to 17 per cent. on the capital and
surplus, compared with 10 per cent. in
1915."

We shudder to think what will happen
when, instead of "doing their BIT," they
do their ALL.

Up close, too, is the United States
Steel Corporation. According to the
same Review the profits of this vast con-
cern are greater than the figures quoted
in this paper some weeks ago. We read:
"The surplus for 1916, applicable for divi-
dends on the common stock of the cor-
poration was equal to no less than 48 per
cent. on the outstanding shares. The
earnings of the last three months of the
year indeed, were so great that if main-
tained, it will be possible to pay 100 per
cent. on the common stock. . . The earn-
ings of the corporation for the whole year
were £66,600,000, which is an increase of
more than £40,000,000 over the year be-
fore, while in 1914, the entire year's net
income was only £14,000,000."

Thank God, there's no profit in blood.

Last year, according to the "American
Federationist," the Colt Patent Fire Arms
Company of Hartford, U.S.A., made a
profit of 259 per cent., or £1,270,000. Yet
to union metal polishers on strike for an
increase of 2½d per hour, this company de-
clared that "it was not in a position to
grant the demands, as they were very un-
reasonable." This concern cannot afford
to pay its metal polishers 1/10½ per hour!

"That is what is wrong with the world
at present. It scrapes its obsolete steam
engines and dynamos; but it won't scrap
its old prejudices and its old moralities
and its old religious and its old political
constitutions."—J. B. Shaw

According to the Sydney "Sun," Syd-
ney Kidman, the Australian Cattle King,
has the following holdings:—

16,000 square miles in South Australia;
28,000 square miles in Queensland, and
1000 square miles in New South Wales.
This totals to a trifle more than 50,000,000
acres.

And the song says: "WE'VE golden
soil and wealth for toil."

ENGLAND'S WOMEN.

In the "Contemporary Review," is an
article by Miss Elizabeth Robins on Eng-
land's Women Workers, showing the ex-
ploitation of the docile and unorganised.
It was ever thus.

It was recently elicited in the House of
Commons that "in a controlled firm in
Southampton, a Government award de-
creed that a woman of 18 might begin at
2d an hour, and if her work was satisfac-
tory, might, after a year, receive 2½d per
hour, a problematic war bonus of 2d be-
ing paid on certain conditions. Owing to
the Government award being in the am-
biguous form of "if the work be satisfac-
tory" it was at the discretion of the em-
ployer to withhold the extra farthings if
he chose."

From the same source we learn that wo-
men employed wholly or partly on Gov-
ernment work receive only 13/ per week
for making safety fuses. For the making
of linen cloth, the rate is 2½d per hour. A
52 hours' week at 2d per hour gives 8/8,
and a 52 hours' week at 3d per hour pro-
duces 13/. "Thousands of adult women
on Government work are earning less than
3d. per hour."

By section 7 of the Munitions Amend-
ment Act it is impossible for any woman
to leave work in a controlled establish-
ment without a leaving certificate. If she
does, no employer can give her work for
six weeks. Leaving certificates are con-
stantly refused to women on a wage as
low as 10/ per week, even if they have the
offer of better work and pay.

In fighting for Freedom, England has
reverted to the methods embodied in the
Statute of Laborers (passed in the days of
Edward III.) which forbade any worker
to demand higher wages or to leave the
district in which he was employed.

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Votes for British Women.

DILEMMA FOR THE EMPLOYING CLASS.

By JAYEM.

A pathetic sight is a hen, the hatcher of ducklings, watching her brood entering the water of a pond for the first time. Somewhat similar are the feelings of the English Conservative politicians on granting the franchise to women. In both cases—that of the hen and the politicians—neither are sure of what may happen whether for better or worse.

A few years ago suffragettes damaged property, were jailed, forcibly fed, and a few lost their lives in vain attempts to gain the franchise for women.

At last the day has arrived when British politicians consider votes for women somewhat of a national necessity, and the measure is now on the eve of becoming law.

Curious are some of the objections to giving British women political freedom. An Ex-Minister "directed attention to the national danger of encouraging women's disinclination to have children by offering the attraction of public life." This allusion to public life was based on women's right to sit in the House of Commons, if they were enfranchised. But none of these anxious politicians object to the appearance of thousands of women on the industrial field, doing work in munitions' factories, taking the place of men in railways and other transport, as bus conductors, bakers, gardeners, grooms, field laborers, etc.

Setting aside the view of the employing class—that all these thousands of women were necessary on the industrial field, and in occupations hitherto for men—there is another and still more important aspect. In view of this, the objection that votes for women will mean fewer babies, seems as funny as a fat man in tights. There is nothing to prevent all the women voters in the world having children if they want them. No physical strain caused by enfranchised women putting crosses on a ballot paper once in three years or so, will decrease the British birth rate; and he must be a very ill-informed politician indeed who believes otherwise. May be, he is a bachelor, and bachelors, as we know, are very innocent humans.

What WILL affect the "national danger" of childless women is the increasing number of the sex toiling long hours in all sorts of weather at hard labor occupations.

Women are not physiologically fitted for working and standing long hours, week after week, as men are able to do.

The most important organ of their bodies is unable to bear the strain that modern industrial conditions impose on working women. In this most vital of questions of women replacing men on the industrial field, the employing class loses sight of a probable interference with an increasing birth-rate. Literally, the employing class is killing the geese that lay the golden eggs.

A year or so ago there was a mania for war babies, and thousands of these little strangers appeared in a cold world. Many of them fatherless. Their mothers in scores have gone to work in munitions' factories and elsewhere.

A Chat at the Imperial Banquet

Don't Disobey the Whistle.

By TIREVE YAR.

It was at the "Imperial Banquet," held in one of those institutions of exploitation, commonly known as a factory. The slaves, having been released from the machines by the sound of the whistle, were tearing into their grub at express speed; they must get through in short time in order to have a smoke—they are only allowed half an hour for "dinner." How grateful we wage-slaves should be to Jehova for not ordaining a six-course dinner for working-slaves; for we would not have the time to consume it.

But for the muncing of dry crust and the rattle of tin cans, all was quiet; when one who evidently did not appreciate the silence, dropped a bombshell in the form of—"I believe you're a Socialist?"

At this remark consternation reigned in that erstwhile peaceful gathering. Their nerves began to quiver, and they were galvanised into life; their faces losing for the time being that dull soulless expression. Across the face of one rushed all the savage expressions of his primitive ancestors. Another went red in the gills, and nearly lost his eyes trying to see if the one addressed had any bombs concealed in his pocket. Another, in one move, increased the distance between himself and the red some six feet. The hand of yet another dropped instinctively to the floor, and drew nearer to him the library (a daily rag) which contained his dinner—a hot one—bread and onions.

Quietness, except from the strained breathing of the excited "loyal workers," was at last restored. All craned their heads forward, and waited for the answer. It came in the form of: "Yes; I claim to be a Socialist—what about it?"

"What about it? Well, you're b—— well mad; that's what I think," said Bias.

"Admitted, if you claim to be sane," came the retort of the Red.

A Fair-Day's-Wage chipped in with: "You, red-raggers, want to do away with the masters; we can't live without the masters."

"Admitted again," said Red Ragger, "provided you speak for yourself and others of your kidney."

"A slave must have a master," continued the red, "the one pre-supposes the other; and whilst YOU are controlled by slave principles YOU MUST have a master."

"What! Do you say I'm a slave; I'm no b—— slave, if you are," excitedly exclaimed A-F-D-W.

"I said you were a slave," replied the Red. "For, like myself, you belong to the exploited class in society; the wage slave class, commonly called the working class."

"There has been three forms of slavery," continued the Red. "Chattel slavery was the first; under which the ownership of the slave and the wealth produced by him by his master was undisputed. The second, 'feudalism,' was brought about by the master-class, realising that it was not necessary to own the slave, seeing that they owned the land, and that it was to their interest to allow the slaves to call themselves 'free.' The serfs, as they were called, worked a given time for themselves and the rest for their masters."

During these women's absence all day who cares for their infants? It is true, hundreds of them may be left at day nurseries for a nominal fee in charge of professional nurses; but the mothers have care of them at night.

A toil-worn mother is not physically fit to have the responsibility of an infant at night. If there is a growing excess of infants' deaths over births thoughtful people are not surprised, for it could hardly be otherwise.

The majority of women replacing men in all the industries are young, and day by day their numbers increase. Whence are they recruited? From the ranks of children leaving school. These are the future mothers of a grand and noble race. What are their prospects for increasing the birth-rate?

Even though the majority could secure husbands, the conditions of these girls as toilers, are going to affect very powerfully their prospects of becoming mothers. Long hours tending machines, standing at their

the land barons; the time allowed for them was just sufficient to allow them to produce enough to keep them and reproduce their kind. They could not go from one place to another, for they BELONGED TO THE LAND and the LAND BELONGED TO THE MASTERS; therefore, they had to accept such conditions as the masters laid down. The difference between slavery and feudalism was, that under the first the master directly owned the slave; under the second, the master owned the serf by virtue of his ownership of the land."

"But we're not living under feudalism or chattel slavery; give us something about our times; they may have been slaves in the past, but we're not," impatiently cried one of the listeners.

"I was just coming to our time," said the Rebel. "Our 'times' is the third form of slavery known as capitalism. Under the present system the Serf is changed into the modern wage worker. This was brought about by the masters recognising that it was not necessary to keep their serfs tied to the land, seeing that they, the masters, owned the tools and land; thereby making it necessary for the propertyless class to come to terms with them in order to earn a living. It also assisted in deluding the workers into believing that they were 'Freemen.'"

"Under this system the ownership is less clearly seen than under Feudalism; just as the Serf had to bow down to the owner of the land, so the wage slave of to-day has to bow to the owners of capital and land. We workers are forced to sell our labor power, at a wage based upon the cost of living, to a master, in order that we may exist; we are forced to work under the worst of conditions."

"But we can always leave if we don't like the job," said A-F-D-W.

"Yes, we can leave," answer the Red, "but always to look for another master. Unlike the Serf, who was forced to stay and be the slave of the owner of the land, we have the right to leave; we are not slaves to ONE MASTER LIKE HE WAS; we are slaves to MANY MASTERS—THE MASTERS' CLASS."

"In harness what happens? Just as the product of the Chattel Slave, less sufficient to keep the slave, was taken and enjoyed by the slave holder; just as the Serf was forced to work the minimum time for himself, and the rest of his time devote to the cultivation of the land belonging to the land baron, the products belonging to the baron; so the surplus value created by the modern wage slave becomes the property of the master. The working class of to-day are robbed of more, relatively speaking, than the slaves of old."

"We're not robbed. Don't we get paid?" asked Bias.

"Neither are we slaves," said A-F-D-W.

"Yes, we get paid, and produce values equal to our pay in the course of two days or so; we are forced to continue working, and during the rest of the time worked we create value which we never receive. This—but there goes the whistle—we are not slaves; but don't disobey that—you might GET THE SACK."

work; or out in all kinds of weather, wet or dry, will affect the normal health of these women, and produce injuries and ills peculiar to their sex, which will tend to such an alarming decrease in the average birth-rate, that the capitalist will wake up to the danger too late.

The equality of the sexes is a splendid ideal, and possibly under Socialism. But under Capitalism, to perform two functions—child bearing and earning food, clothing and shelter for herself and others dependent on her.

At present numerous childless women of the Capitalist class are interesting themselves in what they term the "problem" of an increasing birth rate amongst (not their own) but the working class. For they recognise the necessity for an abundant supply of wage slaves for industries; also for an increasing supply for armies and navies to protect the

Others' Thoughts.

THE TOOL IS THE WEAPON OF MAN'S SUPREMACY OVER NATURE. Master of the tool man harnesses nature to the service, and maintains his freedom against his fellows; without it, he is the slave of him who is equipped therewith.—DANIEL DELEON.

"Political action, to be of any value to Labor, must be by the working class for the working class, and anything less may not hurt but will not help in any appreciable degree the exploited slaves of capitalism."—DEBS.

I can conceive of no greater degradation than the position of a human being as a personal servant of another human being, no matter how much the wages. The working class has been educated to be the paid slaves of the cunning and dishonest.—J. A. WAYLAND.

We can say that Interest, Profit and Rent, being nothing but the spoils which Private Monopoly of the Instruments of Production at present enable Individuals to exact, will become things of the past as soon as the Commonwealth takes possession of the whole industrial and agricultural plant.—LAURENCE GRONLUND.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.—KARL MARX.

What sort of society is this that has, to the extent that ours has, inequality and injustice for its basis? Such a society is fit only to be kicked out through the windows—its banquet tables, its orgies, its debaucheries, its scoundrelisms, together with all those who are seated leaning on the backs of others, whom they keep down on all fours. The hell of the poor is the paradise the rich love to solace themselves in.—VICTOR HUGO.

Human happiness is based upon the possibility of a natural and harmonious satisfaction of the instincts. One of the most important instincts is usually not even recognised as such, namely, the instinct of workmanship. Lawyers, criminologists, and philosophers frequently imagine that only want makes man work. This is an erroneous view. We are forced to be active in the same way as ants or bees. The instinct of workmanship would be the greatest source of happiness, if it were not for the fact that our present social and economic organisation allows only a few to gratify this instinct.—PROF. JACQUES LOEB.

Man, whatever be his country, has the same rights in one place as another—the rights of universal citizenship.—SHELLEY.

To side with truth is noble.

When we share her wretched crust;

Ere the cause bring fame and profit,

And 'tis prosperous to be just.

—LOWELL.

The only working class paper is a Socialist paper. The "International Socialist" is admittedly one of the best, push it?

capitalist's interests in foreign countries and at home.

How are the children to be produced if granting the franchise makes women reluctant to consider the "national" necessity—the necessity for millions of babies? Truly, the Capitalist class politicians are in a bad way with this problem of granting working women some sort of political power on the same hand, and using them by the million as wage slaves on the other.

When the kind hearted Andrew Fisher introduced into Australia the Baby Bonus, even he admitted that 25 meant just a handy little sum for a few weeks—not that it would prevent thousands of expectant mothers from toiling in industries instead of being cared for in comfort in their own homes.

The birth problem is made more complicated in that the most fertile or child bearing age of women coincides with the age when women and girls are most useful to the employing class—between the ages of 18 and 35. In all branches of industry young women and girls are wanted. There is no place for old women. This is unfortunate, for these women might be utilised in bearing children. Nature, however, decrees otherwise, and when women are too old for the industrial field they are also useless to the employing class in ceasing to add to the much needed population of wage slaves.

From "The Stories of Life"

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

By A. Baldwin.

Life draws improbable patterns sometimes. The following is related by R.U., a correspondent of a Russian paper:—

Side by side with the roaring cannons of the battlefield and the horrors of the present war, cases of real humanity, not yet extinguished by the world-horror, stand out like rapidly falling bright stars.

One of our infantry had been granted leave to return to his village. He had ever been uneasy as to how his sick wife had managed to work their farm. He came to his village unexpectedly and found an Austrian prisoner of war working his farm. The field was well tilled, the yard, the cattle, and the garden looked even in better order than prior to his departure.

Scanning the visage of the Austrian, the Russian soldier recognised in the prisoner-workman the very man whose life he spared in a hard bayonet fight in far away Galicia. He remembered that moment clearly—that moment in which the young snub-nosed Austrian threw himself upon his knees and uplifting his arms, shrieked: "For Christ's sake, do not kill me." Remembered, too, his fervent "Praise to Jesus."

Coincidence causes them to meet once again in different surroundings.

The furlough days fly fast.

The time comes when he must return. His wife, crying bitterly, is preparing for his departure. The Russian soldier and his prisoner of war are conversing of the war and of Galicia. "Where did you stay just prior to your return?"

The Russian named a village in the Tarnopol district.

The Austrian jumped for joy when he heard the name.

"It was my village!" he cried. "In whose house were you billeted?"

"At Mariana's."

"Has she any children?"

"Dinytro and Bogdan."

"Ah! She is my wife, and Dinytro and Bogdan are my sons," he exclaimed.

Evidently the Fates had decided to be kind and correct, in part, the misfortunes which had befallen both participants in this fantastic story of life.

His short leave over, the Russian has gone back to the scenes of carnage, while the Austrian remains to till the land of his captor. Before leaving the Russian promised his prisoner to help the Austrian woman, Mariana and her children. The Fates were kind till the end. He found his detachment in reserve, camped in the very village where Mariana lived. To her, he gave all the money earned by his husband and devoted all his spare time to working her three "morgs," which were planted with potatoes, rye, corn, and fodder for the horses.

Then began the offensive. Mariana when parting, cried as his own wife had done, and taking the image of God's mother from around her neck, blessed her unexpected assistant.

The embarrassed soldier muttered: "What does it matter? Service for service. . . Why should you thank me? Service for service. . . Your husband diligently helps my wife. . . It was not in vain that I did not pierce his stomach with my bayonet."

Dress your soldiers in butchers' blouses, and the eyes of the nation will be opened to the true nature of war.—CARLYLE.

As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their share of the burden on to the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race.—LINCOLN.

Might should have a master.—Right.
Progress should have a captain.—Courage.
Intelligence should have a ruler.—Honor.
Conscience should have a tyrant.—Duty.
Civilisation should have a queen.—Liberty.
Ignorance should have a servant.—Knowledge.

—VICTOR HUGO.

Socialism.

By T. J. Holmes.

(Reprinted from the Pamphlet issued by the S.L.P. of America).

(The subject-matter of this pamphlet was first presented in a lecture entitled, "What Do the Socialists Want to Do?" and was delivered by T. J. Holmes before Section Cleveland, Social Labor Party, on April 4, 1915).

It is for the adherents of a movement which has set for itself such a herculean task as that which the Socialist Movement has set for itself, to pause once in a while, and after looking over the ground and prospect of their activities, to state, to re-state their position, so to clarify their vision as their object and goal draws nearer.

The history of the development of Socialism from the first glimmerings in the early Utopias up to its present day scientific position has seen many such re-statements. "Times makes ancient good uncouth," says Lowell. Re-statements are helpful in so far as they make CLEARER to the understanding the old subject; the same old object that even the dreamers of the old Utopias had in mind—the establishment of an industrial co-operative commonwealth.

The re-statements that do NOT make clearer to the mind and make more possible the realization of the Industrial Republic are not helpful to the movement, but rather a danger and a menace.

PURPOSE OF LECTURE.

To anticipate objections and criticisms on this point, I will say that it is not my purpose in the present re-statement to "revise" the Socialist tactics or objective. We have seen the usual result of "revisionism" throughout the Socialist OBJECTIVE; to substitute in the propaganda something allegedly more easily obtainable; something thought to be more "practical." They have trimmed the "impossibilist" so as to make him possible. They have revised the objective of the movement till the Socialist Republic has become a meaningless empty sound to most adherents of the so-called Socialist parties throughout the world.

The Socialist parties themselves have in some countries become mere reform or "opposition" parties. The "Socialist Party of America" is not a Socialist Party. The Social Democracy of Germany—that classic ground of Socialism—has lately shown that in spite of the great increase of its numbers in recent years it has lost, as a whole, to put it mildly, such of its old grasp and perception of Socialist principles. England has seen more varieties of Socialism than there are varieties of garden fence cats. In fact, Socialism has suffered revision to such extent that in almost all countries where the movement exists there are "good government" parties, "municipal milk" parties, "old ladies' home sewing parties," so to speak, all calling themselves "Socialist."

This much to show that it is not any purpose to try to "revise" the Socialist programme. It is this "revision" thing that we have had altogether too much of. I desire merely to try to get right at, and to summarize, the Socialist position from the impressions that years of sympathy and contact with the movement have given me. I expect to re-state the old, the recognised, the orthodox, and to say nothing new. However, the imperfections of this presentation of the Socialist position must be laid to myself and not to the movement or the party.

FALSE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST SOCIALISTS.

In setting forth what the Socialists are trying to do, it would not be amiss to clear away a little fog by naming a few things that they are NOT trying to do—some of which things our friends, the enemy in their terror or, or admiration for, our activities and great ambitions have falsely credited us with doing.

In the first place, we are not trying to destroy the family. We have noted, however, that the family is not of divine origin, as the enemy were accustomed a while ago, hypocritically to claim. We have looked over the history of the institution and have found that the family had its origin in property considerations. Nevertheless, we are entirely satisfied with the family and are doing our best to preserve it by taking it out of the hands of capitalism.

If we had wanted to destroy the family we should need only to leave it to the tender mercies of the creator of the "she-towns" in the weaving districts of the East, and of the "he-towns" in the mining districts of the West, which is the same hypocritical capitalism that drives to distraction with overwork, poverty and worry, the wage slave's wife and mother of his children, in whose home there is not an hour in the twenty-four wherein the members of the family can joyously cultivate each other's society.

It is this same capitalism that destroys the wage slave's family by separations, poverty, and overwork, that destroys the rich by surfeit and ennui.

The wage slave is frequently too poor to keep love alive in his family. The capitalist is frequently too rich for pure love ever to make its appearance in his family. His marriage is often a property consideration on one side or the other. Capitalist law has provided divorce courts to help mitigate some of its pretty bungling with the family. It is this same capitalism that keeps standing armies of celibate soldiers, which keeps standing armies of prostitute women.

In Aesop the wolf despises the innocence of the lamb drinking at the stream, and picks a quarrel to cover his violence. Injustice always hates and despises the object of its injury. Capitalism tacitly despises the family because it has incited so much. Fearing detection, it howls, "Socialism will destroy the family."

The second thing I note the Socialists are not trying to do is to destroy religion, although the frequently get credit for so trying. We have looked over the Christian religion and found nothing in it which conflicts with what we are trying to do; that is, assuming that the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels be regarded as the expressions of the Christian religion.

If we had wanted to destroy the Christian religion we think that it could not be better done than by those who have all down the ages been engaged in thwarting, twisting and explaining away its simple precepts, when not living in direct denial of and antagonism to those precepts. Who have done this more than the popes, priests, prelates, and ministers themselves!

Who are responsible for the stifling of the free expression of the Christian precepts in the churches of to-day if they are not those who hold the treasuries, who contribute to the funds, and control the livings of the preachers? Who are these? Surely not the Socialists! The Socialists never care what theology a man thinks or what church he cherishes.

What the Socialists are trying to do in this connection is to unmask political organisations hiding behind and in the church, which are actively influencing and controlling the politics of various countries in favor of reaction.

History shows it has even been the favorite device of tyranny to invoke the aid of religion. Nevertheless it is the tyranny the Socialist is after, and not the religion.

The dear enemy accuses us of wanting to destroy the State. What terrible fellows we are getting to be! Yet on the other hand the Anarchists accuse us of trying to make the State all-powerful. We are between the devil and the deep sea—and we don't know which is the devil.

"Some uncritical Socialists, perceiving the essential basis justice in the feeling and attitude of Jesus in relation to the society of his time, and being struck with the analogy of his attitude to theirs have claimed Jesus as being the 'first Socialist.'" Such language is the expression of fervent feeling rather than correct thinking and classification.

(To be continued next issue).

Every new subscriber you get for "The Why not subscribe for it? Why not International Socialist" is a blow struck at Capitalism.

Down With Prussian Militarism.

As long as Prussian militarism exists there can be no peace on the face of the globe. The only way to curb it is to have democratic military training and universal service and stamp out Prussian militarism.

Under Prussian militarism every male citizen must be trained in the use of arms from infancy. Military training is introduced in the school, and is made an important part in the curriculum; thus every boy gets a certain amount of military training. Every citizen is forced to serve a certain length of time in the army or navy.

All this is very bad and autocratic; it breeds a spirit of militarism among the people, and puts an efficient fighting machine in the hands of the autocratic Kaiser.

But how different it is under democratic military training and universal service. This training is by the people as a whole, and is thus democratic.

Under it every male citizen must be trained in the use of arms from infancy. Military training is introduced in the school, and is made an important part of the curriculum; thus every boy gets a certain amount of military training. Every citizen is forced to serve a certain length of time in the army or navy.

All this is good and democratic; it breeds a spirit of self-confidence among the people, and puts an efficient fighting machine at the disposal of the Government when the sacred rights of humanity are infringed. Long live democratic military training and universal service, and DOWN WITH PRUSSIAN MILITARISM!

(Dr. Jings Bloedeye, in the "Weekly People," N.Y.).

THE CLASS THAT MATTERS.

The working class alone does the world's work, has created its capital, produced its wealth, constructed its factories, dug its canals, made its road-beds, laid its rails and operated its trains, spanned the rivers with bridges, and tunneled the mountains, delved for the precious stones that glitter upon the bosom of vulgar idleness, and reared the majestic palaces that shelter insolent parasites.

The working class alone—and by the working class I mean all useful workers, all who by the labor of their hands or the efforts of their brains, or both in alliance as they ought universally to be, increase the knowledge and add to the wealth of society—the working-class alone is essential to society, and therefore the only class that can survive in the world-wide struggle for freedom.—EUGENE DEBS.

THE ENEMY'S PRAISE.

When I pick up a capitalist paper and read a glowing eulogy of some Labor leader, I know that that Labor leader has at least two distinct afflictions—the one is moral weakness and the other is moral cowardice; and they go together. Put it down that when the capitalist who is exploiting you credits your leader with being wise, and conservative and safe, that leader is not serving you.

—EUGENE DEBS.

THE RED FLAG.

Brothers keep the red flag flying
'Tis with Truth and Honor woven,
Stainless as the snowflakes falling,
Justice waves it through the heaven.
Toilers keep the red flag flying—
Symbol of a cleansing flood—
Till the day of Victory dawning,
Wakes the world in brotherhood.

P. D.

W. PHENEY.

Will W. Phenev, Torreon and Diaz (Old Mexico) communicate with Jas. Dickerdodd, Daydream Restaurant, Broken Hill.

The Future Generation.

(By Gilmae, in the "Socialist Standard," England.)

I have a doleful tale to unfold. A most depressing discovery has lately been made by a learned and inspired prophet (I had nearly said profits!) of our masters. The discovery is (Woe is me!) that we, the workers, are limiting our families! Think of it! The beasts of burden are refusing to manufacture future beasts of burden fast enough for the convenience of their good, kind masters! This doleful discovery has been made by Monsignor Brown of Southwark, and is set forth in an illuminating (!) article in the "Evening News," 10/7/16.

"Our Colonies" (bugs and fleas, no doubt—they are the only colonies we own, as far as I know) "depend upon the home country for a flow of new population," says "his Rivirence," and we, the providers for the industrial scrap-heap, are disappointing by limiting our children to a paltry two or three!

Poor old Brown finds, after investigation, that "it is mainly an economic question: a matter of having enough means, not only at the time of childbirth, but for equipping the children for the struggle of life."

And what is his remedy? Listen, for heaven's sake listen!

That without some State help the average parent is going to sacrifice himself at the call of patriotism in order to maintain a high birth-rate I do not for a moment believe. Unless the conscience of the individual is reached by some spiritual appeal I believe these practices of restriction will continue, and become even more prevalent.

Observe how the dealer in metaphysical trash keeps within the bounds of his function! The spiritual appeal is the thing. Keep our eyes skyward and we won't examine earthly affairs too closely. Farther on in his article he suggests State aid for children. We are to receive doles in respect of each child for education, etc. Thus our masters will be given a splendid handle wherewith to control the child's education—withholding the dole at will to bring us to heel like dogs—holding it over our heads like the sword of Democles. Those who receive allowances from church orphan bodies and similar institutions will realise the force of this point. They will know how their own actions are governed in order to ensure receipt of the periodical payment. It is like a National Insurance Act for children.

One point, however, Brown admits (a point we Socialists have been hammering home to the reformers for years.) He says:

"The Education Acts, the Factory Acts, the laws regarding the employment of children even out of school hours, the prevention of over-crowding, have all made the cost of bringing up children greater than it used to be. . . . The truth is that while these reforms are excellent in themselves, they have been effected without any substantial increase in real wages."

In other words reforms have rendered the worker's lot harder instead of lightening it.

Brown concludes by pointing out that "Grave, serious, anti-communistic politicians and business men. . . demand that the growers of sugar beet in England shall get State aid, and this for national purposes. I would put bounties for babies before bounties for sugar-beet." In other words, as a commodity labour-power is of more importance than sugar.

In their wild lust for the largest share of the world's wealth the capitalists of Europe have been recklessly pouring out the life-blood of their slaves, and now the appalling destruction of the wealth producers is causing a mild panic. The signs portend a shortage of labour-power and a drying-up of the future supply, as after the Black Plague, and again during the early years of the factory system. Our masters are getting anxious as to whether there will be a diminution in the supply of milch cows in the future.

But now let us turn to another phase of the question. Let us examine the present position of women, who are to be the bearers of the future generation, and are declining to bear the large families which

SOCIALIST HALL 369 Pitt Street.

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LECTURE EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

SUNDAY, JULY 8th, P. DREW.
"The Reformation."

are so ardently desired by our bosses.

An article in "The Quiver" (April, 1916) by A. C. Marshall gives us some information on the matter and I shall submit copious quotations from it.

The writer of the article in question estimated that the war alone had already called into the labour market two million women workers, and that as successive Derby Groups were called up there would be employment for a further quarter of a million women. Women are now replacing men in all kinds of occupations, from portering and bus-conducting to engineering and bill-posting, working long and arduously. Regarding their work and its effect on future generations the above writer speaks as follows:—

"You may take away the men and still have a home, but with the women absent the home no longer exists as a home; in the great munition centres home life is almost as extinct as the dodo, for even the grandmothers, the maiden aunts and the widows are finding the call to work too insistent to be disregarded. . . . The whole point is the constant standing, and the gentle sex is not built physically to bear long, tedious hours in an upright position."

"It is not many years ago that legislation was introduced to provide seats for girl assistants in shops, and this physical reason was one of the strongest brought forward to prove necessity. Quite apart from the delicate organs of womanhood, lengthy standing brings in its train to women venous trouble and other physical difficulties, yet of the two million women workers the war has mobilised it is probable that half of them stand at their work—in most cases for ten hours a day; in others for twelve hours a day; and in a few instances through the long night hours, for the Home Office restrictions are waived in these times and the writer knows of girls who toil from the early evening until six or seven in the morning."

"Personally, as one who has spoken to war workers in every centre, I must set aside finally the parrot cry that it is patriotism that calls women to the work. In the cases into which I have made direct enquiry the money has been the magnet and guiding principle. The fact that the cost of living has been raised by 35 per cent. at least has had its own influence, and the opportunity of balancing shortage by working at enhanced wages has been eagerly seized—often at a personal and future cost that it is impossible to estimate. . . ."

The total abandonment of home by literally thousands, if not tens of thousands, of women; the complete severance of domestic culture; the buying of partly or ready cooked food, which entails denial of the more wholesome and nutritious home-prepared provender; the grief and sorrow at the loss of loved ones; the absence of desire and opportunity for little ones that must inevitably follow the breaking of home ties; impaired health through overwork and worry; premature age through working in unhealthy surroundings with too much standing and too little fresh air; the fact that females will be out of proportion to males for many years—these are some of the items to be entered as woman's price for war, and a little analysis will show effects that will linger so long as life itself lasts."

Is it any wonder that capitalists are getting apprehensive as to the future supplies of labour power? Add to the above total the myriads of women that are habitually employed in peace times in the factories, mills, and offices, and an appalling total is reached, few of the female population of the working class being free from wage-labour.

When speaking from our platforms in the past, we of the Socialist Party have been frequently reproached with the parrot cry that we were out to break up the home and destroy family life. Who are the destroyers of home life now? Where are our homes?

The article from which the above quotations have been taken is a record of the universal destruction of home life, of the

The Australian Socialist Party.



NEWS AND NOTES.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Owing to pressure of correspondence, the reports of matters relative to unity, also the challenge given by Luke Jones to a debate, will be held over until next issue of "I.S.," when a full account of both will be published.

A. S. REARDON,
Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

On Sunday, 1st July Com. Reardon lectured at the Hall, having selected for his subject "Working Class History in Ireland." He dealt in a very able and interesting manner with his theme, pointing out that the mistake of the Irish workers all along had been a blind trust in their leaders or misleaders, and emphasised the fact that they had failed to realise that their enemies were the Irish master class, just as much as were the English. Com. Reardon also showed that direct action was bound to be reactionary, unless the workers were organised into a stronger body than their masters, instancing, of course, the "Easter Rebellion."

Before the beginning of the lecture Com. Thomas played a selection on the piano, and Miss J. Goldsmith recited the poem entitled "Dare to be a Man."

Next week we shall have with us Com. Drew, who will give the second lecture of his series, i.e., "The Reformation." Paper sales were good, notwithstanding the fact of the street meetings being stopped.

Comrades are invited to attend speakers' and debating classes, which are held in the hall each Monday night.

M. REARDON,
Min. Sec.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

Thirty years ago Max Hirsch was the great exponent (in Victoria) of Single Tax, but his school to-day is a bit out-of-date.

So said a man at this hall on June 24th, where a debate was held between Mr. Spinks (Single Tax) and Comrade A. Corozzi, of this branch. It does seem foolish to Socialists that members of the working class, like Mr. Spinks, should waste their spare time trying to square the circle, i.e., should endeavor to prove that taxing land will alone end capitalism, and introduce a new social system.

It is a hopeful sign for a young, intelligent working class man to study present day social matters, even though he comes to such a conclusion as that the working class pay

general misery of women's lot, and of ills whose effects will far outlast the present generation. As the present writer perused the article in question his mind travelled back to the cries that spurred young British manhood to join the army. They were told they would be fighting in defence of their homes. What is the position now? The alleged enemy is supposed to be losing ground daily, but where are the homes we are supposed to be defending? Our mothers and sisters have been driven forth to earn a miserable living, their health and vitality broken by industrialism. Our fathers, brothers, and sons are killed or crippled on the battlefield.

In conclusion, poor old Brown may rest assured that it will take quite a lot of "State help," and a "spiritual appeal" of enormous dimensions, to arrest the steadily dwindling birthrate as it is borne in upon men and women of the working class that the supreme value of their increase is as machine food in time of peace and cannon fodder in time of war.

TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.

Whoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

If there is no BRANCH in your locality, you can become a MEMBER AT LARGE, and thus become a REAL LIVE WIRE.

For further information, drop a line to the General Secretary, A.S.P., 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

taxes. He will know better when induced to join the A.S.P.

Com. A. Corozzi, being a student of Marxian Economics, had an easy task in taking the negative on the subject of debate, "Do The Working Class Pay Taxes?"

Replying to his opponent's opening remark that Socialists are divided amongst themselves on the question, Com. A. Corozzi said he was not responsible for other people's opinions, but was there as a Marxian Socialist.

On the Amusement Tax Mr. Spinks laid some stress, but confused the working class (who, with no other means of support, have to sell their labor power for wages, in order to live), with the small capitalist class who can afford to go to high-priced entertainments, and pay the tax on their tickets of admission. But, as his opponent said, "when single taxers get off rent, they get drunk."

In a week or two a start will be made with another economic class, beginning with Mary Marcy's "Shop Talks on Economics," and going on to the first nine chapters of Marx's Capital.

This class now forming is for beginners, and will be in charge of Com. E. Hanks.

Nominations for Committee and Office Bearers for ensuing half year are now being received. Elections will be held early in July.

The dance and social in aid of funds for the Anderson-Holland Defence Fund, was held at the Vic. Socialist Party's Hall on Tuesday, June 26th. A large number attended, and the evening was very pleasantly passed.

J. M., Press Corr.

SUBS RECEIVED.

T. Parker, 2s; E. Kennedy, 2s; G. Gould, 1s; C. Buckley, 1s; A. Hockley, 2s; H. Manns, 2s; V. Giddings, 1s; Murrel, 1s; H. Corbett, 2s; M. Taley, 10s 6d; W. Wardle, 4s; C. Severson, 4s; J. Crawford, 4s; H. Coe, 2s; W. Kruger, 1s; E. Byrne, 1s; W. Smith, 1s; W. Harding, 2s; A. Jucknailes, 1s; J. Marquet, 1s; W. Mack, 1s; W. Field, 2s; W. Clark, 5s; W. Howell, 1s; N. Sykes, 4s; J. McNeil, 2s; Miss McDonald, 4s; H. Stewart, 1s; T. Tasker, 1s; J. Scott, 2s; W. Petersen, 2s; T. Cotterill, 2s; R. Hable, 1s; J. Hansen, 2s; T. Stewart, 1s; H. O'Neill, 1s; A. Barnett, 1s; O. Blanc, 1s; P. Bailey, 2s; E. Hill, 1s; A. Willis, 1s; H. Trewhen, 2s; F. Donnelly, 1s; D. Burke, 1s; G. Niblett, 1s; G. Franks, 1s; S. Surtees, 1s; J. Duncan, 2s; J. Lane, 1s; T. Duncan, 1s; Norbury, 1s; R. Meader, 1s; T. Johnston, 1s; A. Reid, 2s; C. Bang, 1s.

PRESS FUND.

J. G., 2s 6d; A. McDonald, £1 5s; Krasnoff, 10s; A. Jenkin, 1s; "Enthusiastic," 4s.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

Ancient Lowly—C. Osborne Ward; 2 vols., cloth, 16/-; posted 16/6.
Ancient Society—Lewis H. Morgan; cloth, 6/-; posted, 6/3.
Britain for the British—R. Blatchford; paper cover, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Capital—Karl Marx; 3 vols., 8/- each; posted, 8/6.
Charles Darwin and Karl Marx—E. Aveling; paper, 3d.; posted, 4d.

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